

HELP!

MAY 1965 • ICD • 35¢

DOWN
WITH
TOPLESS
BATHING SUITS!
LET US
DRESS
FOR THE
WATER.



Okay, so
Goldwater's has good
sales, Luci, I
still say . . .



HELP!

No 24 May 1965

Harvey Kurtzman, editor
James Warren, publisher
Terry Gilliam, Myrna Dressler
associate editors
Harry Chester, production



MEN IN SPACE

by
Ed Fisher

8







Baby,
\$36 an ounce is
too much.



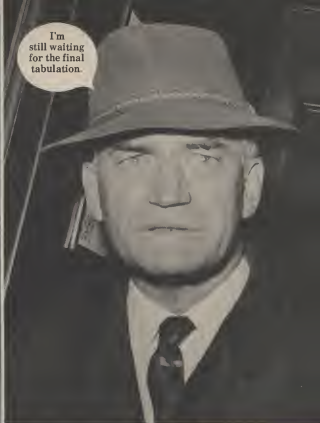
You can't
change sides
now!



There's a
Robert Baker
to see you, Mr
President.



How
was I to
know it was
Martin Luther
King?



I'm
still waiting
for the final
tabulation.



Indonesia's
quit,
all right.



Charlie, quick,
there's a place
over here.

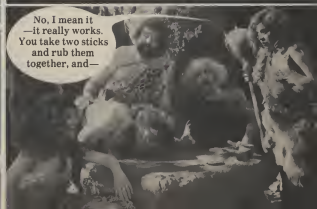


DRACULA

The
De Long
Ruby!



I promise to
feed her and clean
up after her,
chief.



No, I mean it
—it really works.
You take two sticks
and rub them
together, and—



MEN IN SPACE

by
Ed
Fisher



"They certainly seem to know an awful lot about us."

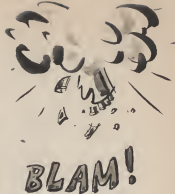
"Would you want your sister to marry a Martian?"



"Let's go home!"



GET THAT
TIN CAN GOES
PASS ON THE LEFT
YOU DUMB GOOK!
ARTICLE 4, SEC. 12
OF THE GENSH CODE
SAYS ...



BLAM!



T.S. Sullivan

T.S. Sullivan was a unique cartoonist. Even though his work appeared fifty to seventy years ago it still retains its humor. He could draw animals, autos, Irishmen and covenen in a style so original that he remains an artists' artist to this day.

Sullivan never achieved the fame that was accorded some of the artists of his day, but in retrospect his reputation continues to grow. His humor remains timeless and his exaggerated figures grow more charming with age.



"The baby is the image of you, Mrs. Elephant."
"Do you really think so? How strange! I can't see the faintest resemblance."



THE EASIER PLAN.

Mrs. Casey—"Before we can putt on this new wall paper the ould paper musht be taken aff."
Mr. Casey—"Well, don't bother me! Call in Halloran's goat."



ON HIS GUARD

Mrs. Handout—"If you would wash your face, comb your hair, trim your beard, and mend your clothes, you would readily secure employment."
Staggering Blow—"Y-yes, Lady. I've been aware uv dat fact fer jest twenty-seven years! But I'm jest ez much obliged fer de warning."



ON A PREHISTORIC FARM.



The Goat: *Tiresome. Isn't he?*

The Pig: *Oh! He's no worse than the average after-dinner speaker.*



"Bubbles are well enough, but I like better to have an intelligent beast under me than to tool about on a portable stove!"

"Druther have intelligent stove under me than four legs subject to brain with emotional insanity. Tried it once. In hospital six weeks. Gimme wheels. I've no use for legs."



ALL SHE WANTED

Mistress—"What! going to leave? Well, you want a 'character,' I suppose?"


Cook—"Yis, mum; but Oi wish ye'd soign a fictitious name to it, mum. Oi don't loike it known that Oi've worked fer such payple."



ON THE "GRAND CIRCUIT" IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.



THE GRAND PREHISTORIC "FREE-FOR-ALL,"
"GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE," STEEPLECHASE.



Behold Christopher Barrel, returning dutifully home to his wife, Wilma Barrel — with a case of ennui. Look at him. This sort of thing happens to a man. Too much sameness, too much tedium, too much everything everyday, and then the ennui sets in. Some survive, some never get out of it and some never notice; but to some there is An Occurrence . . .

CHRISTOPHER'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE

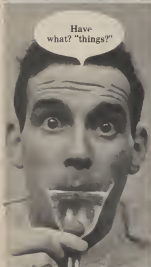
BY DAVE CROSSLEY

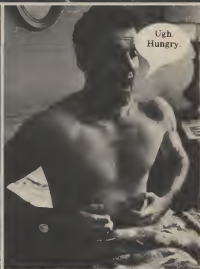
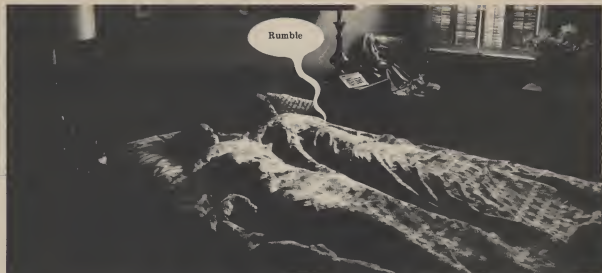
JOHN CLEESE AS CHRISTOPHER BARREL

CINDY YOUNG AS WILMA BARREL


MARTIN IGER, PHOTOGRAPHER












Jeez, look
at the clothes. There's a
fur coat. And a sequined cocktail
dress and a taffeta ball gown and
a lace negligee and a



Hey, and a
brassiere! Jeez, a little
brassiere.

Whoop!
And it's
padded!



Hmmm.
Gaw, real
lace.



And
under
that?



Gawwww.
And that?



Whoop!
Jeez!



COMES
THE
DAWN

RING!



Chris.
Chris, Honey, it's
time to get
up.

Yeah, I
was just, ah,
I was awake
already.



That's
nice dear. I'll go
fix your breakfast. Will
you be down in
a minute?

Oh,
don't worry.
I'm awake. I
was awake when
you woke up.
Boy, am I
awake



I think,
I think, I think
I had a
dream . . .

That's
nice,
dear.



Mommy!
Mommy, my Barbie's
hair is all mussed
up! And her
clothes are all
over the
place!

CHOKES!







Good,
yeah,
good.

How's
your ennui?

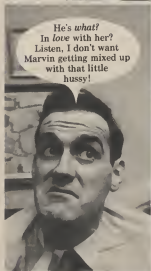
Ennui?
What
ennui?

The
ennui
that
you . . .



Well, well, here's little Barbie, eh? Say that's quite a little bathing suit ol' Barbie's got there. Yes sir, well what do you think of that? Ol' Barbie's quite the little cutie, isn't she?

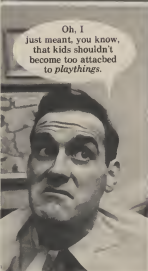
Oh yes,
Little Nellie's just
in love with her. Even
little brother Marvin
is in love with
her.



He's what?
In love with her?
Listen, I don't want
Marvin getting mixed up
with that little
hussy!



With that
little what? What
did you say,
dear?



Oh, I
just meant, you know,
that kids shouldn't
become too attached
to playthings.



Well, it's
only a doll, after
all.



I'll
go get dinner
on the table,
okay?

Yeah,
a doll. Heh heh, just
a little doll.



Right. Right you are.
Listen, Barbie baby, what say we get you
dressed for dinner, eh? Something classy. Bra,
lace panties, slip, no girdle? Right, no girdle. And
some classy shoes. Let's see what's in the closet,
eh? Nice evening gown, okay?







It's me.

Chris?



You look so unhappy.

It's all been so bad, so wrong. Perhaps, perhaps I can start over.



Come sit down. I have your drink ready.

Wilma, dear Wilma. To think you've been so good to me. Such a friend, a companion. Such a good mother to my little Nellie and little Marvin.



WONDER WART-HOG

encounters
Super Granny



TRAMPLE MY POSIES,
WILL YOU? YOU THUG!
YOU BULLY!



by Gilbert Shelton

OUR STORY OPENS, AS USUAL, IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE MUTHALODE MORNING MISHAP, WHERE REPORTER PHILBERT DESANEX (BETTER KNOWN AS **WONDER WART-HOG!**) HAS BEEN SUMMONED TO THE DESK OF THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF !!!!!

WELL, DESANEX, I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS FOR YOU! EVERYONE ELSE HAS TAKEN HIS VACATION, AND NOW IT'S YOUR TURN! SORRY IT HAD TO COME IN THE MIDDLE OF WINTER LIKE THIS!

OH, THANK YOU!

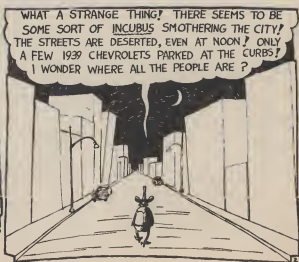
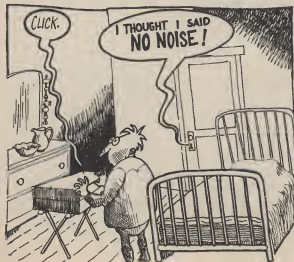
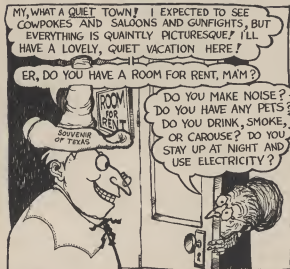
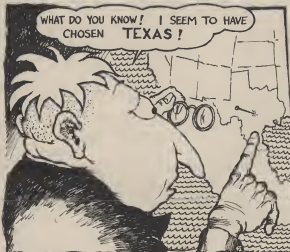


GEE! I'VE WAITED SIX YEARS FOR A VACATION, AND FINALLY IT'S COME!

THREE WHOLE DAYS! WHERE SHALL I GO? BERMUDA? ACAPULCO? THE RIVIERA?

I JUST CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND! I'LL HAVE TO JAB A PIN INTO THIS MAP, BLINDFOLDED!





AT 5:30 THE NEXT MORNING, R. DESANEX IS AWAKENED BY SHOUTS COMING FROM OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW:

WE'VE DONE IT, EFFIE! BY LOWERING THE CURFEW TO 9:00, CLOSING THE LIQUOR STORES, AND RAISING THE VOTING AGE TO SIXTY, WE'VE SUCCEEDED IN DRIVING ALL THE HELL-RAISING ATHEISTIC YOUNGSTERS OUT OF TOWN! THE CITY BELONGS TO US! TODAY AUSTIN, TOMORROW THE WORLD!



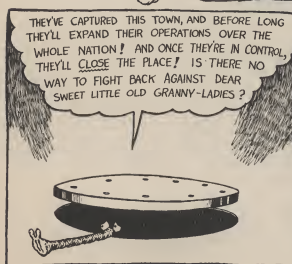
AHA! CAUGHT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS, MR. DESANEX! I CLEARLY SAID NO PETS!

BUT... BUT...

SLAM!



THEY'VE CAPTURED THIS TOWN, AND BEFORE LONG THEY'LL EXPAND THEIR OPERATIONS OVER THE WHOLE NATION! AND ONCE THEY'RE IN CONTROL, THEY'LL CLOSE THE PLACE! IS THERE NO WAY TO FIGHT BACK AGAINST DEAR SWEET LITTLE OLD GRANNY-LADIES?

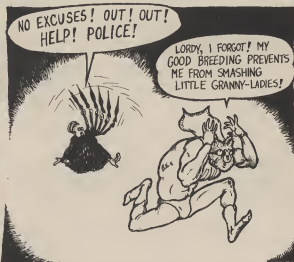


IT'S THE DEAR SWEET LITTLE OLD GRANNY-LADIES! DEAR J...S! THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR...

WONDER WART-HOG

NO EXCUSES! OUT! OUT! HELP! POLICE!

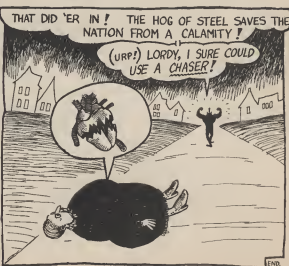
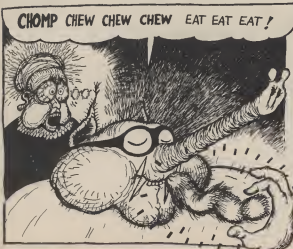
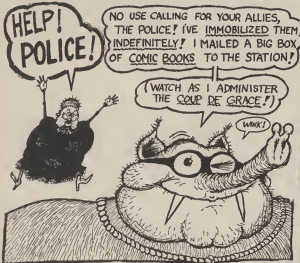
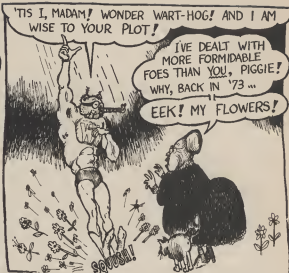
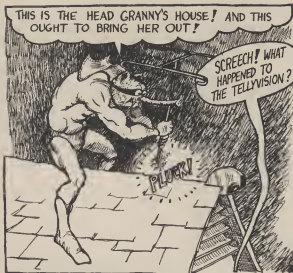
LORDY, I FORGOT! MY GOOD BREEDING PREVENTS ME FROM SMASHING LITTLE GRANNY-LADIES!



I CAN'T ATTACK A GRANNY-LADY DIRECTLY, BUT I CAN RESORT TO GUERRILLA TACTICS!

LET'S SEE—IT'S 4:00! ALL THE GRANNY-LADIES WILL BE INSIDE, WATCHING THE SOAP OPERAS ON TEEVEE!





An Original
Gold Medal
Book
© 1965

Harvey Kurtzman's

FUN AND GAMES

FROM THE
CURRENT
PAPERBACK
OF THE
SAME NAME

**PUZZLES FOR THE
JET SET**

OPTICAL ILLUSION

— X



VANISHING NIXON

Richard Nixon is not called "Tricky Dick" for nothing. With this illusion you can make him disappear like he did in 1962. Close your left eye and look directly at the X with your right (naturally) eye. Hold the page about a foot from your eye and draw it toward your nose, keeping your eye on the X. At a certain point, Nixon will disappear, and as you draw the page nearer, appear again. Talk about tricky!

DOT PUZZLE



MAZE

Here is the biggest maze in the world... a veritable MAZE OF LIFE. You start as a child and end up 3 pages later in old age.

START HERE



continued—

RIDDLE

Being fairly unique, a number of our Southern states decided to secede from the union. This time we let them, so the states set up a government which they cleverly called the Confederacy.

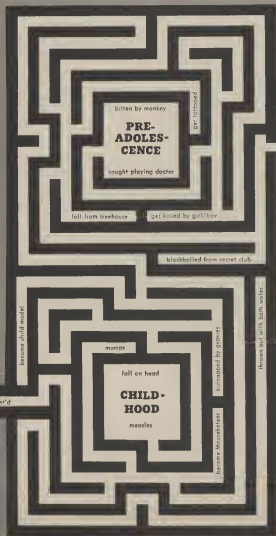
With this done, the states decided that first things must come first so they set out to design a new flag for each state. It was agreed upon that each flag would consist of a square divided into four squares, all done up in the Confederacy's colors—mauve, puce and orchid. The requirements were that each flag should

be different and that no two adjacent squares should be the same color on penalty of Federal intervention.

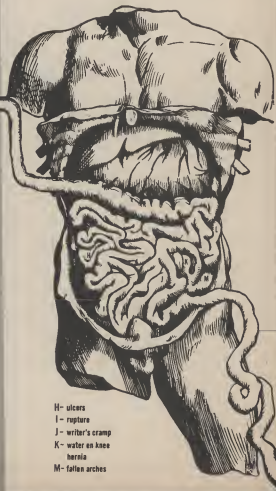
Well, the best minds in the Confederacy got together for a group noodle and after much noggin work arrived at a plan whereby they were able to make exactly enough flags of this design to have one for each state. We double-dare you to tell us how many states there were in the Confederacy.

ANSWER:

12 states. There are exactly 12 variations of these three colors in the particular scheme agreed upon by the states without either duplicating the flags or using the same color as the square beside, above or below a particular square.



PHYSICAL HEALTH



- H - ulcers
- I - rupture
- J - writer's cramp
- K - water on knee
- hernia
- M - fallen arches

FIND THE MISTAKE



So you think you're perceptive, eh? You're always the guy who spots the fly in the minestrone! This set of stamps has one that's just the teeniest bit different from the others. Unless you find it, your reputation as the neighborhood hotshot mistake-spotter has had it.



be the tallest girl in the class

get glasses

PUBERTY

be
teacher's
pet

tough
smoking

jab

never change

flunk tenderfoot test

work solo

volunteer Brak

get expelled
from
high school

TEENAGE

kickd off
of football
team

drop out of school

school

get
det

blows up

dancing



RIPE OLD AGE AND FINIS

help's public gallery

We welcome contributions to this feature. HELP! will pay a munificent \$5.00 for every snide cartoon used. Mail submissions to HELP! 527 Madison Avenue, New York City. Please be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope to ensure return of all rejections.

THESE NEW MISSILES
ARE JUST TO BARBAROUS



THEY'RE INHUMAN,
CRUEL, UNJUST, AND —



FIRE!

FIRE!



BESIDES, THEY COULD
JUST AS WELL USE
CHRISTIAN OR GLAVES!



FIRE, I SAID!



SIR, IT'S
JAMMED!

WHAT?



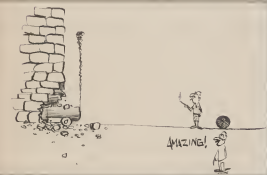
IT'S JAMMED!
IT'S JAMMED,
SIR!

FIRE!

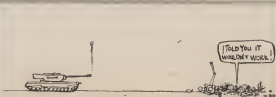


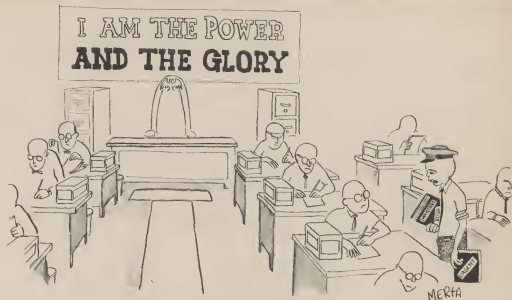
WOMP!





I JUST INVENTED THE
'GULLET PROOF VEST'.





"Where does your supervisor sit?"



Frank Marquez

Ted Robins

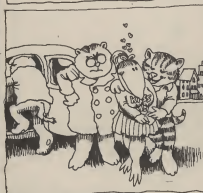
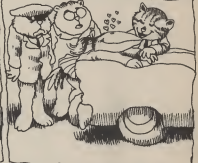
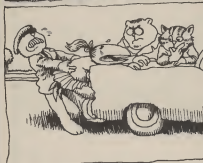
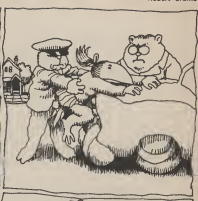
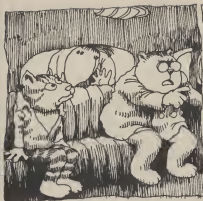


"I suppose you found this one in the bulrushes, too!"



Dennis Ellefson







WHAT KIND OF MAN READS HELPI

You see him in the evening walking down Broadway, goy, debonair and compy, flanked by not one but two charming modemoiselles, with his subscription copy of HELPI rolled up inside his top hat. You can be that man.



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Philadelphia 38, Penna.

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